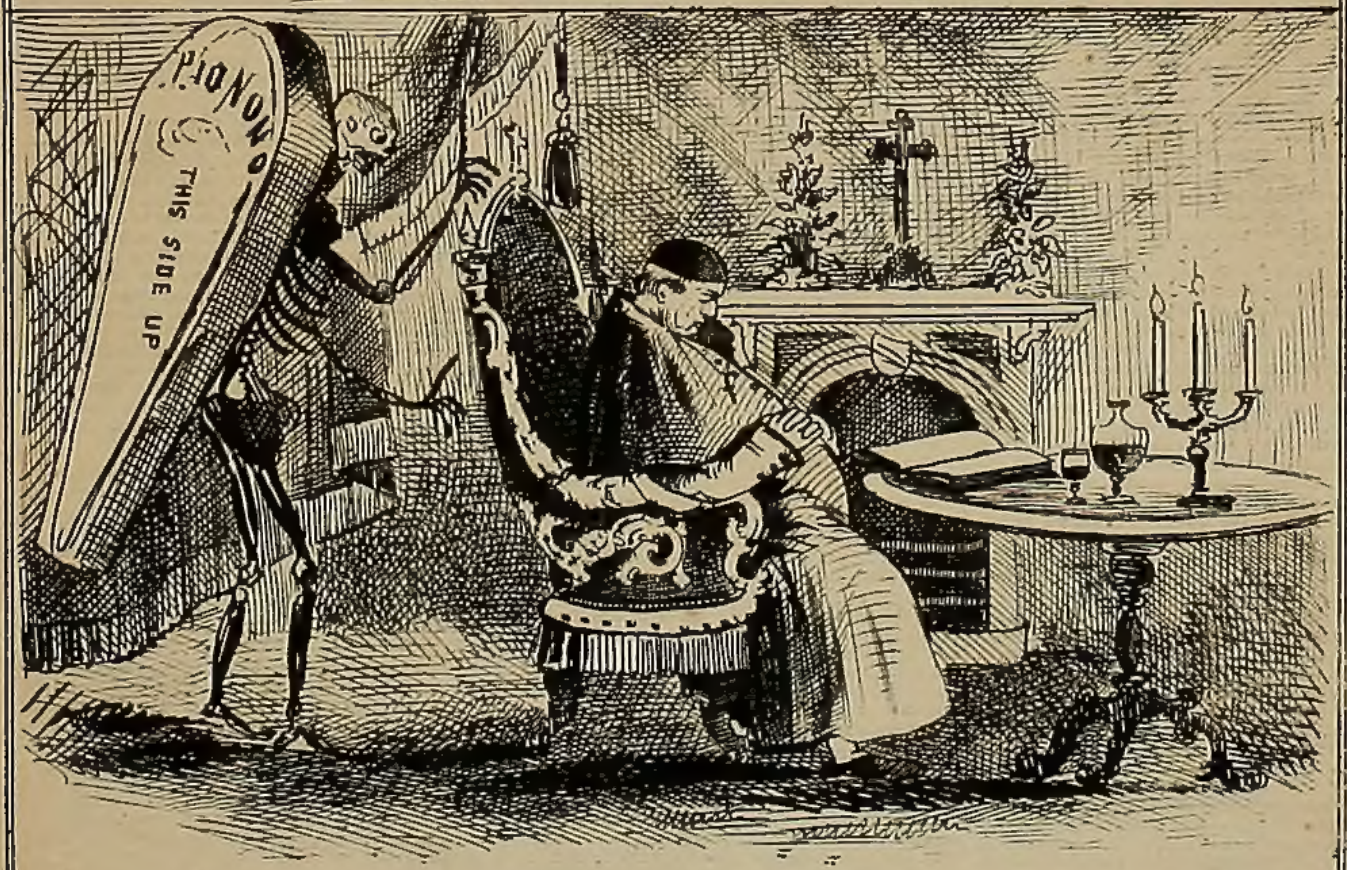
San Francisco March 7th 1874

VOL. 2. Thistleton's No 21.

Wolly Ann

THE CRITIC

PRICE 10 Cts



THE TWO INFALLIBLE ONES.

(SEE POETRY PAGE 5)

Thistleton's Jolly Giant.

THE CRITIC

PRICE, - - - - - TEN CENTS.

Saturday, March, 7th, 1874.

A Change of Great Importance.

The "Jolly Giant" Weekly in Future

The "Jolly Giant" Enlarged and Improved.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$4 00
Six Months	2 00
Three Months	1 00

Delivered to City Subscribers by Carriers, Ten Cents per week.

Anonymous communications sent to the Editor of the JOLLY GIANT *will be destroyed unread. At the same time communications of value will be thankfully received and used if found suitable. The real name and address of the writer must accompany all matter intended for use—not necessary—however, for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

An Important Change.

To our Subscribers and the General Public.

The Proprietor of the JOLLY GIANT takes this opportunity of informing his subscribers and the public in general that, owing to the great demand and success of the JOLLY GIANT, he has made arrangements to have it printed weekly, instead of semi-monthly, as heretofore. In addition to this it is to be enlarged so as our patrons can have plenty of reading matter in future.

We have been repeatedly solicited to publish advertisements in the column of the JOLLY GIANT, but in every case we refused, because our aims were to make our paper a success first without the aid of advertisements. We knew when we started, twelve months ago, with the first little number of the JOLLY GIANT, showing the "Twelve Fools" who acquitted the most notorious murderess that ever trod the Lord's earth, that a paper conducted as the JOLLY GIANT has been, could not but be a success.

Having proven this fact beyond our most sanguine expectations, and notwithstanding the predictions of our enemies that our aim and object was to "blackmail," We are well pleased with he success of our enterprise and the leading position that the JOLLY GIANT has achieved amongst the people of the entire Pacific Coast.

Feeling the great pressure and demand coming upon us from our friends to have their advertisements inserted in the JOLLY GIANT, we reluctantly yield and will open our columns to a few of our many patrons to advertise their worldy goods. Hoping that their success will be as bright as our own.

We are pleased to inform our readers that the JOLLY GIANT has entered upon its second volume with this issue. It has increased from a little hand bill, with say about fifty readers, to a large illustrated paper with thousands of readers.

This we simply state, and not intend to blast our soul's reputation with false affidavits, like some poor proprietors in this city that require Heaven to witness a column of lies to earn a few dollars.

We say once more that the JOLLY GIANT is to be conducted in fairness toward ill men and nations, picking out evil-doers, only, and holding them up to public exhibition as a warning to others. No money can buy our silence, nor no aristocratic blood can make us hush.

Honni soit qui mal y pense.

Look out for the JOLLY GIANT every Saturday in future.

Shall Our Rising Generation be Christians.

This seems to be the great question, of the pulpit and the press of the present age. Shall they be Christians.

We think they will be Christians, but we are positive that they will not be church going Christians, except the churches change from their present course.

As it is now, there are very few people who go to church, whereas, the Halls and Theatres of this city, cannot half accommodate those who seek admission. Why is this?

It appears to us, that the churches are monopolized by a few wealthy "Bull Frogs" who pride themselves upon their wealth, and fine clothes. Those people don't go to church to worship God; they go because it is fashionable and because the ladies want to see the latest fashions.

The preachers, as we see them in this city, are of this class themselves; they are paid from $4,000 to $6,000 per year, by those wealthy "Bull Frogs" who blow themselves up with vague notions about their own individual greatness. The preachers are at their mercy, and must preach such sermons as will please this class of their congregation.

There is no devotion in the churches; there is no sincerity, there is no truth, there is no charity, in the hearts of the "Bull Frogs." It is the "Almighty Dollar" asleep or awake, in church or out of church. If a poor, honest, worthy man, approached one of those puffed up "Bull Frogs" for a dollar, to buy bread for his starving family, the first act of Christian charity that would come from their mouths, would be a lie. They would tell him they could not afford it; but they would probably ask him up to prayer meeting next Wednesday evening; this might or might not be offered him in the way of a taunt; but human nature, is human nature all over, and we all know that if any thing in the world, will cut a sensitive honest man, it is to be asked up to "prayer meeting," when his wife and children, are in a starving condition. This is Christianity in San Francisco. The men who frequent the churches are, without doubt, the most dishonest money sharps, the greatest liars, and the most uncharitable of the whole population. This then, being the case, the rising generation will not be church-going christians, except the churches change, and come down to the requirements of the great mass of the people.

Christ's ministers, as it is now, must preach praise service for the wealthy or visit the wealthy, to the exclusion of the poor,

The professing Christians, must learn to be honest, and above all, not to be liars to their fellow-man, no matter what his condition in life may be.

The cushioned pews, must not be like so many reserved seats in a Theater, kept for the man that pays the biggest price for them; ministers must be ministers for the poor, although the poor cannot entertain them in the same gorgeous style, as the big puffed out "Bull Frog" who treats them to wine and cigars, big dinners, etc.

At the present time, we know of hundreds of men and women buried in this city, who have not had the presence of a minister of Christ's Gospel at their grave, because their friends cannot pay for that adjunct, or because they could not meet the heavy expense, of being church members when alive.

CHRISTIANITY IS GOING BACKWARDS

and all this is because of the bad example of the practical and church going Christian. How, we ask, can a convert have faith in a religion, when he finds its leading members liars, and swindlers. It is impossible that he should; and this is just the reason, why the great mass of the people in California, do not go to church. This luke-warmness will increase, until the reformed churches will stand in the same category, as does the Romish church: no money, no heaven.

Our Military Heroes.

See Illustration.

—We take much pleasure in illustrating the "pan-cake" Generals and Colonels of our State militia who honored the Birthday of the Father of our Country. Hewston rather be assaying the minerals of the earth than doing honor to the memory of the greatest man that ever lived on this continent.

Blow-hard, never-be-done, talking-theatrical-clown, self-conceited, Mercantile-Library, gambling-lawyer, Cosmopolitan-school, see-sawyer, quibbler, jackanapes Barnes has no more patriotism in him than a Spanish mustang, except where there are a few dollars to be gained.

Round-bellied, Real-Estate, Major-General H. A. Cobb has more love for his commission upon a piece of Saucelito property, or a hot whisky punch than all the Washingtons that ever lived or died.

Fire-headed, lark-heeled Colonel Wason could not afford to take out his Irish Regiment in consequence of the near approach of the 17th of Ireland.

Those are the four American "pan-cake" military men that our State has to depend upon to honor the great and glorious memory of General George Washington.

Let our readers watch the contrast between the 22d of February and the 17th of Ireland; then they will see what a hold the Royal Monarch of Rome has in this city, and all through such abortive Americans as we have illustrated this week. We look for better days but we never expect those four men to change—no, an unpatriotic citizen can never change!

—Why does Pan-cake General Cobb wear military buttons on his vest?

Answer. Because his personal appearance would never indicate that he is a military man. Hence the military buttons.

—Dr. G. Danberry, the eminent ladies' physician has removed from No. 24 Geary street, to No. 215 Kearny street, where he will have better facilities for attending to his patients.

The cause of the Doctor's removal is owing to the great increase of his patients. His former appartments being entirely too small for the business that has forced itself upon him since he took that place. His present apartments afford every accommodations to the many ladies who are compelled to call upon him.

Dr. Danberry has no equal upon the Pacific Coast in the treatment of ladies' diseases. This has been a speciality of his whilst in Europe. Ladies complaining of womb disease can find no more skilful physician in San Francisco.

This is the season for Ball-masquerades, Surprise parties etc., etc. To all who wish to obtain an excellent outfit in this line had better call upon Mrs. S. F. Paullin, 803 Montgomery street, where every pains is taken to fit ladies and gentlemen with neatness and despatch. The largest and best assortment of goods in this line on the Pacific Coast are kept by Mrs. Paullin. Outfits ade to order at the shortest notice.

In this age of science and enlightement there is no man or woman who does not need printing of some kind or other, visiting cards, wedding cards, or some other kind of printing. All who possess this taste or who need bill-heads or any other style of printing ought to go to the WOMAN'S PUBLISHING COMPANY, 511 Sacramento street; this establishment is superintended by Mrs. Emily Robbins, who employs a large number of young ladies in type setting, etc. The work is done in this house in a far superior style to any house in San Francisco and the terms are much cheaper. Leave Mrs. Robbins one order, just by the way of a trial. If you do, that will end this thing of changing your printer every time you want new work done.

Van De Mark the Spiritual Grub Picker in a new phase.

Ever since the mother of all mischief, Mrs. Eve, made her first appearance in the Garden of Eden as a meddler between God and man, this earth has been cursed with women who cannot mind their own business.

Those brazen creatures always find some sickly abortion in the shape of a man to accompany them in their undertakings.

We have always respected the modest retired lady who knows and respects her own place.

But the brazen jade who forgets herself and dabbles with things that don't belong to her, we have no respect for her or her followers.

WOMEN AS REFORMERS.

This city is going to have a dose of effrontery at the present time with a lot of reformers led on by the whitewashed Van De Mark of the Universalist Church. God save the Mark. The women asked Brother Van De Mark to lead them in prayer. We hope he did so. If we had been there and the she reformers asked us to pray we would have done so; and we would have commenced by asking God or some other power to remove Van De Mark from this city in a whirlwind *ignis fatuus* real or imaginary.

If the she reformers cannot get a more respectable leader than the Bible pounder Van ,to lead them into the whisky shops, they had better stay at home and darn the holes on the heels of their stockings. If we had a saloon and Van De Mark should come and interfere in our business, we would send him out with a tooth ache in the seat of his spiritual breeches.

The cheek of that white livered sepulchre is more than the people of this city are prepared to put up with. The old adage stands good in this case.

"One fool makes many,
But the old fool is worse than any."

So it is with Van De Mark of the Christian Church; his disease has effected the brains of the ewes of the Universalist fold.

Now let us have a good look at the reformers.

We see them every day in the year parading our streets like so many scare-crows, not content with the laws of God or nature. If those she reformers would commence at home and reform themselves first, then there would be some excuse for them in following the spiritual grub-scraper Van De Mark. That they want reformation, no sane man dare deny.

It makes us sick to look at one of those apeish creatures hopping along the street with a bundle of rags or newspapers lashed to their stern, forming a mole hill of a repugnant appearance. This with two air bags or curled hair taken from the bottoms of chairs or sofas, stuffed into their breasts to form them something like they ought to be, "women." All this is bad enough, Heaven knows, but when we come to examine the face we are more than disgusted; every crease is carefully filled with putty; a coat of vermillion covers this; then a rub of the flour bag gives the *coup de grace* to the external appearance.

Their mouths are filled with dead bones, and the hair—oh, save us we beseech thee oh mother of Moses! of all the conglomerations of filth that ever the artifices of the devil conceived is here shaped, twisted, rolled and folded into a something that no "fotish can find bout;" over this comes some North of Ireland flax, that we men must believe is natural and beautiful *hair*, and the cream of the whole joke is that those poor, silly creatures lead by Van De Mark the spiritual grub scraper is going to reform men and prevent him from taking a glass of beer. Poh! nonsense! trash!

If any person or persons in the State of California need reformation, it is those silly sinful creatures who openly rebel against the laws of God and nature. It is not fashionable to have children of course not, but it is fashionable to make fools of themselves as we have described, and to cap the climax it is fashionable to go about psalm singing into the saloons led by the spiritual grub scraper, the whitewashed Van De Mark.

The corner groceries, those she reformers say are a curse, we say this is a deliberate lie; the corner grocery store is a blessing, and the majority of gentlemen that keep those stores are a credit to the city, and pay more taxes than the hopping kangeroos that go about the streets more like so many idiots than sensible women.

However in return for all their folly, the Lord is making them uglier every day.

Query—whether is there more money thrown away upon the tomfoolery that those she reformers roll up to make them look apeish, than there is upon beer and whisky used by men.

Now we are opposed to drunkenness as much as any other man, but we hate to see women unsex themselves and go about led by a spiritual grub scraper to do something that lies beyond her province; let the she reformers start in at home first and show the example; then men may follow, but not before.

What The She Reformers of San Francisco are Coming to.

[*See Illustration.*]

Does a duck swim?
Of course a duck swims in the water.

Well so sure will our she reformers come down to what we have illustrated if they follow the advice of the white livered sepulchre who is now leading them to enter the bar-rooms of this city.

Their whole object is to get the men out, so as they may kick up a little hell themselves in the bar-rooms; no other motive on earth can induce those brazen creatures to unsex themselves.

Man can always mind himself, but as soon as woman interferes, then reason and patience deserts him.

We wish it to be clearly understood that we do not include the modest, educated, retired and refined *lady* who consults with her husband at home, in this catalogue, it is the burly, brazen, painted, powdered, stuffed up jade, that is discontented with the laws of her Maker, that we include. Psalm singing is cheap at all times. If those masculine she reformers want to help their fellow beings, they have plenty of material in this city, without going into the bar-rooms where gentlemen frequent. Let them sell their false hair, buy less paint and powder for their ugly faces, stuff less rags on their stern, and go about and relieve the wants of poor hard working sickly women with large and perhaps hungry families. Forsake Van De Mark and his spotted kind, then the JOLLY GIANT will give them credit, not before.

A Grand Success.

The sixth anniversary Ball of Yerba Buena Lodge No 5, American Protestant Association, took place at Sanders Hall, New Montgomery Street last night, and was a grand success. The Hall was tastefully decorated with flags and other appropriate mottoes for the occasion.

There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen present. Dancing was kept up until we went to press, which was in the small hours of morning. The Committee have our thanks, for their kind attention in sending us a complimentary ticket. We trust the members of Yerba Buena Lodge and their friends will live long and enjoy many happy returns of their Lodge anniversary.

The Merchants of San Francisco, are men of taste and refinement. As an evidence of this, look closely at any artistic sign, and you will see the names of Koch and Rodgers, 21 Geary street. Rodgers is a Veteran of the Mexican war, and an artist in the true sense of the word. If you should be in want of a pictorial sign, Banners, Transparencies, or even a plain sign, or lettering on glass, your house painted etc., call and examine their work and prices, before you decide in giving your job to others, and you will not regret this advise.

"Dog Worry Dog."

Ah! Messrs. De Young, now, now, you feel
That the coward's pen can cut like steel:
That printer's ink so cool and placid,
May burn and smart like nitric acid,
In your rage just pause and think of those,
You've caused to suffer the selfsame woes.
And then reflect—you trained the man,
Who libeled you, on your own plan.
You taught him the way to play "Paul Pry,"
And clothe plain facts with a gaudy lie.
So however much you may fume and groan,
The weapons he used were all your own.

Credit to whom Credit is Due

Company C, of the first First Regiment National Guards under the command of Captain G. Humphry accompanied by the Fourth U. S. Artillery Band, was the only Military Company, in this city who had pluck enough to turn out upon Wasington's Birth day. At the same time, that the Mackeral General Howston issued his orders that the soldiers were not to parade, *fearing* it might rain. Captain Humphery ordered out his company rain or shine. Good for American Humphery, we admire your National Patriotism, may you live long to adorn the State as a Captain. We only wish you were in High cockalorum Barnes, or Mackerel General Howston's place. We hope to see you there before long. We have also to return our thanks to the First Light Artillery, for their patriotism in firing a salute in honor of General Washington' without the orders of Mackerel General Howston.

—Before cutting your dress, send for the Bazar Catalogue. Over 200 different garments are represented in it. The Polanaise and Overskirt are, without exception, the most stylish garments of the season. Enclose 10 cents in postage stamps for full Catalogue. Address, Mme. Morrow, General Agent for Pacific Coast. 25 New Montgomery Street S. F. Cal.

Any of the patterns specified in her Catalogue can be procured of her Agents, or will be sent by her post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States or Canada. In sending to her for patterns give your address in full, that is, name, town, county and State.

—Why didn't General Howston turn out to honor Washington's birthday?

Answer, because he was afraid the rain might wet his paper collar.

—Barnes would not turn out his regiment, because Casserly wanted them reserved, for the 17th of Ireland.

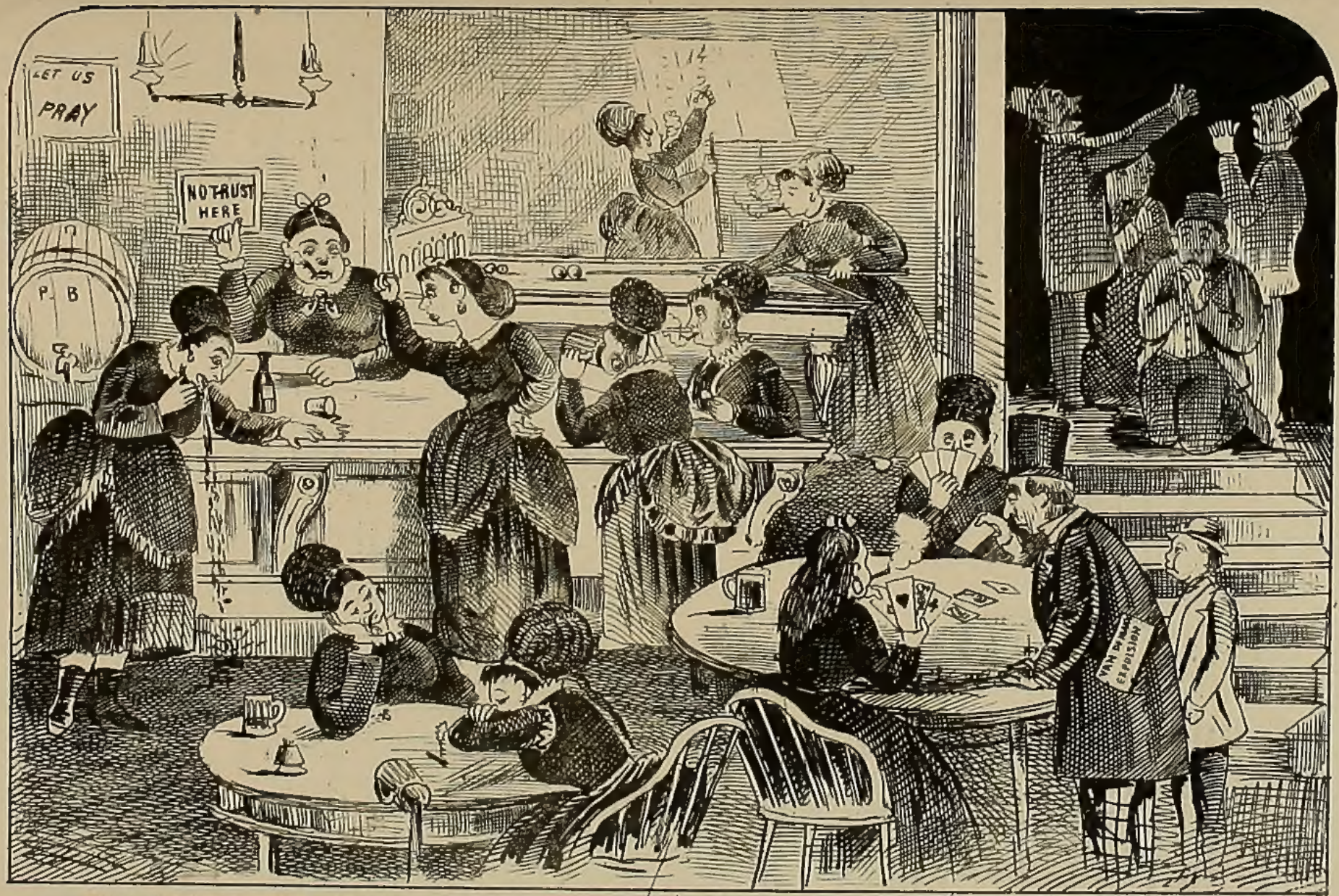
—What was the matter, with the burly Major General Cobb? Answer, he had some Real Estate business to attend to in Saucelito.

—Colonel Wason's Regiment is excused, because their uniforms might get soiled. This would be an awful catastrophe; because they want to look extra fine on the 17th of Ireland. But those chaws can draw their $150 every month, from the State Treasury, rain or shine.

—Senator Laine's Bill, ought to become law, and undoubtedly would, were it not for the interference of blow-hard Barnes, who went to Sacramento, to lobby against it.

—Wonder how much the Germans gave blowhard Barnes, to shoot off his mouth in opposition to School Director Spaulding's motion to discontinue the Cosmopolitan schools? Barnes' patriotism and his consistency upon the School Question, are just about even. Any thing for money.

—"God bless you old fellow and thanks in return," said Father Stebbins, to a wealthy Banker, who saw the preacher home in a carriage from Commercial street one morning *very* early last week. This was said at Stebbins house on Ellis street. It must be supposed that Brother Stebbins got his dollars worth before he gave the prayer. Now what good was that prayer, when Stebbins don,t believe in prayer. More hypocrisy again.



THE FUTURE PROSPECT OF VAN D. MARK'S SHE REFORMING BRIGADE AGAINST THE SALOONS.

The Other Side of the Question.

Thrilling Reply of School Director Spaulding to W. H. L. Barnes.

[*Continued.*]

In fact the history of every nation and people can show some such evidence of Providential kindness and benevolence. The children of Israel had their Moses, the Romans had their Cæsar, the French their Napoleon Bonaparte, the Americans their Washington, and the Germans of San Francisco their William Henry Barnes, who, when the *lingua vernacula* of their father land, could no longer be taught in the common schools of this city, got up by dint of perseverance, and the all-potential aid of money, a huge gathering of the German people, and it is believed, procured the services of this man Barnes for sundry pieces of silver, to plead their case. It might not be amiss, Mr. President, to show briefly the *modus operandi* of this movement, by which it has been ungenerously made to appear that our action in respect to cosmopolitan schools, was unpopular.

We all know how easy it is to get up a grand pow-wow in a city like this, where any considerable number of interested parties with plenty of money, and a determined will, set themselves about it; how easy it is to procure the services of windy, unprincipled, blatant demagogues, who with an unlimited supply of conceit and impudence and any amount of stock in trade vulgarly called wind, are ever ready to disgorge when they have an opportunity to display their vanity, or where lucre is a consideration.

We find, Mr. President, that this mass meeting was composed of mostly Germans, with this man Barnes for their mouth-piece. How he came to be there Mr. President, after having committed himself just previously as an anti-cosmopolitan man, we may well determine. We find within the little circle of our acquaintance 29 single men who were there in the interest undoubtedly of their employer, and when we come to take an inventory of the crowd, I have no doubt a majority might be found whose only interest in the matter was to please some friend or neighbor or employer. But, Mr. President, the most significant feature of the whole affair, aside from the speaker, was that of the extraordinary number of doctors. One or two are generally admissable when blood is to be spilled, or bones to be broken, (laughter) but when only the air is to be beaten by the brawny fist of the actor, or when charging around the stage, like an infuriated bed bug, in quest of an idea, a dozen or more of doctors is entirely superfluous. But, Mr. President, I will say for Dr. Washington Ayer, who has been in the Board of Education, and endorses our action, and Dr. R. Beverly Cole, who were cited as being among the number of Vice Presidents, that, had they been called on to speak, would have spoken on that side of the question and the audience would have been less likely to have applauded.

The only reason that has been given for such an extravagant out-lay of doctors, is that William Henry Barnes, might faint from the exhaustive effect of his old complaint a diarrhœ of words and a constipation of ideas, which, sure enough, were manifested to a remarkable extent—aside from his effort to ridicule the action of the Board of Education, and by his silly witticisms to tickle the fancy of his already prejudiced auditors. What in all sincerity did this seven sided —— say to help his clients? He presented the same old German conundrum, which even they themselves do not believe—that a pupil can be taught one or more languages besides its native tongue, without extra expense or extra time; as well might he have said, that because a house can be built in a given time and for a certain sum—that a steam boat, a line of railroad, and a sawmill, if you please, might be built at the same time, and at no additional expense, (laughter and merriment) and at the same time he had the simplicity to attempt the old played out dodge of solving the conundrum from the records that because the North and South Cosmopolitan Schools show as high a percentage of advancement as other schools in the department it must naturally follow, that the French and German can be studied with no disparagement of the same.

This, Mr. President, was the wonderful speech which up to this time has terminated the literary efforts of this man Barnes, which to my mind, was about as barren of thought or ideas, as his military career has been barren of results. If the fellow had had a tolerable knowledge of his subject he would have known that no such proof could have been deduced from the records, from the simple fact, that every effort has been made by the friends of cosmopolitan schools, to make as favorable a showing for the North and South schools as possible.

Those two schools with their half dozen primaries became their hobby from which to prove all things in connection with the teaching of foreign languages in our common schools. This is the stumbling block over which many a block head stumbles, and even William Henry Barnes was no exception; like the monkey climbing a tree, the higher he climbs the plainer he shows his ——, so with this fellow trying to climb this German greased pole. (Laughter.) Did William tell us that nearly every school in the city, and all of any importance in this connection, were cosmopolitan schools? Hence, no doubt deductions could be made. Did he tell us that the brightest children from every part of of the city, of wealthy parentage, had been sent to these schools, which were the chosen schools in which foreign languages were taught? Did he tell us that the children there had been kept from one to two years longer in the grades, in order to show this high percentage, and did he show a dozen other causes by which this percentage has been reached? Oh! no, he knows but little about it any way, he simply showed, as I before remarked, the same stupid ignorance of the whole matter that many others do, until the facts are explained to them, when, without a single exception, save the Germans, they admit the fallacy of their position.

Now then, Mr. President, I propose that we get up a mass meeting, and post this fellow Barnes a little, and set him going on our side of the question. He sees a great deal, and also *saws* more, and as he see-saws on all questions of public importance, I presume he will, for the usual stimulus, see-saw on this.

The Infallible Monster's Body Guard.

According to the *Official Annual* of the Vatican, the household of Pius IX, is composed of 20 majordomos, chamberlains, &c., 190 domestic prelates, 170 supernumerary private attendants, 6 armed ditto, 30 officers constituting the staff of the noble guard, and 60 privates; about 130 supernumerary armed private followers, 20 attendants of honor in violet uniforms, about 70 others for outside the city, 14 officers of the Swiss and Palatine guards, 7 private chaplains, 50 honorary ditto, 7 ditto for outside the city, 20 private priests, and ordinary and supernumerary chaplains; 10 intendants, equerries, &c., 50 ushers and others. The whole gives 1,160 persons, to which must be added the Sacred College.

Is it possible, can the news be true? It is a fact, that the best of good fresh butter can be now manufactured without the aid of the cows. The butter is first-class and warranted to keep sweet and pure any length of time. Call and see for yourself. After you have tried it you will use no other. It sells for 25 cts. per pound retail, and 20 cts. wholesale. Butter Store 405 and 407 Sansome, near Sacramento St.

—There is no person living but would wish to see themselves look to advantage. The only place in this city where that can be accomplished without artificial means is at the photographic gallery of Silas Selleck, 415 Montgomery street. The very best pictures taken at the cheapest rates. Bring your wives, sweethearts, children and yourselves to have a good picture taken.

The Jolly Giant's Man About Town.

WHAT HE SEES AND KNOWS ABOUT OUR PUBLIC AND PROMINENT MEN.

Our "Man about Town" resolved to go through the mystery of Jemmy McGinn, that is to say, whether Jemmy is or ever was in holy orders.

The impression amongst the outside heretics is that Jemmy is

A JESUIT IN DISGUISE.

Our "Man about Town" resolved to find this out or die; so he called upon Jemmy one day this week, and found him as usual scraped clean up to the roots of his hair, he wore the priestly long and slovenly made clothes; the absence of jewelry together with the round collar gave him a clerical appearance.

Jemmy McGinn is not unlike Father Hugh Gallagher, but of the two, Jemmy is the better looking man, he is more intelligent looking, and from the corners of his mouth an expert would be able to detect that there is some fun in him if it was only taken out.

Our "Man about Town" addressed Jimmy as "Your Reverence"

This brought Jemmy to his feet instantly and no sooner did he gain a perpendicular attitude than he repeated

Yer R-e-v-e-r-e-n-c-e. Do you mane to insult me, young man, by taking me for a priest?

Our "Man about Town" assured the Undertaker that he did *not*, but he had understood that he was a priest.

'Me a priest' said Jimmy, striking the table with his clenched fist. 'Do you know that I would rather have "State prison bird," attached to my name than *Reverence*. No sir, 'he continued' I am too honest a man to be a priest.

I AM JIMMY MCGINN THE UNDERTAKER.

That's who I am, me a priest!—No sir! I have been repeatedly insulted in this city by people taking me for Father Gallagher; I have sir, I assure you been often made to drink whisky from people in the saloons in this city because they have taken me for Father Gallagher. This thing does very well in a saloon, a man can put up with it there, but when it comes to the public street and when a gentleman is taken for a priest, I think sir, be jabers, that he is woefully insulted and intirely insulted. At this our man laughed heartily of course,—'you don't need to laugh' said Jimmy 'I mean what I say.

"Let me' said Jemmy, fixing his hat on the back of his head, 'tell you about father Gallagher.' Our man consented, and

JEMMY COMMENCED.

"You see" said he 'my first start in life in this city, was in the paper business. I was agent for thirty-six papers, and I made money on it too: because I was one of the first agents in this city. As soon as the spalpeens Jack Stratman, White & Baur, and other fish like them, seen that I was making money at the business, they started in. I always had a horror of being in bad company; so I started into the burying business, and pretty soon I commenced to make money at that: then father Gallagher seen that I was growing rich, he made up his mind to oppose me in the business; so he starts his brother and his nephew, in the business, in opposition to me.'

"I suppose you know Flannagan and Gallagher across the way?" said Jemmy to our man; he answered yes; 'Well' continued Jemmy, 'he-(Gallagher) started those two worthles in the burying business to break me up; but the divil as much burying they do in a month, as I do in wan day; until Coroner Rice, God bless him got the dead house moved over there; since that why they bury a few cases wance in a while; but they have no respectable funerals like me. Well, I am getting away from my story' said Jemmy, suddenly recollecting himself. 'As soon as I seen that Gallagher the priest, wanted to go into opposition to me, I thought I would go into opposition to him. So I goes down to the barber wan day, and says I

(*Continued on page 8.*)

The Jolly Giant Quotes History for the Benefit of its Readers.

(Continued from last week.)

Giovanni Pullius, being apprehended as a Protestant by the soldiers, was ordered by the Marquis Planessa to be executed in a place near the convent. When brought to the gallows, several monks attended, to persuade him to renounce his religion. Finding him inflexible, they commanded the executioner to perform his office, which he did, and so launched the martyr into the world of glory.

Paul Clement, an elder of the church of Rossana, being apprehended by the monks of a neighboring monastery, was carried to the market place of that town, where some Protestants had just been executed. On beholding the dead bodies, he said calmly, "You may kill the body, but you cannot prejudice the soul of a true believer: with respect to the dreadful spectacles which you have here shown me, you may rest assured, that God's vengeance will overtake the murderers of those poor people, and punish them for the innocent blood they have spilt." The monks were so exasperated at this reply, that they ordered him to be hung up directly: and while he was hanging, the soldiers amused themselves by shooting at the body.

Daniel Rambaut, of Villaro, the father of a numerous family, was seized, and with several others committed to the goal of Paysana. Here he was visited by several priests, who with continual importunities, strove to persuade him to turn papist; but this he peremptorily refused, and the priests finding his resolution, and enraged at his answers, determined to put him to the most horrible tortures, in the hope of overcoming his faith: they therefore ordered one joint of his fingers to be cut off every day, till all his fingers were gone: they then proceeded in the same manner with his toes; afterwards they alternately cut off, daily, a hand and a foot, but finding that he bore his sufferings with the most uncomfortable fortitude, and maintained his faith with steadfast resolution, they stabbed him to the heart, and then gave his body to be devoured by the dogs.

Peter Gabriola, a Protestant gentleman of considerable eminence being seized by a troop of soldiers, and refusing to renounce his religion, they hung several bags of gun powder about his body, and then setting fire to them blew him up.

Anthony, the son of Samuel Catieris, a poor dumb lad, and extremely inoffensive, was cut to pieces by a party of troops: and soon after the same ruffians entered the house of Peter Monriat and cut off the legs of the whole family, leaving them to bleed to death, they being unable to assist each other in that melancholy plight.

Daniel Beneck being apprehended, had his nose slit, and his ears cut off; after which, he was divided into quarters, and each quarter hung upon a tree. Mary Monino had her jaw-bones broken and was then left to languish till she was starved to death.

A Protestant lady, named Constantia Bellione, was apprehended on account of her faith, and asked by a priest if she would renounce the devil and go to mass; to which she replied, "I was brought up in a religion by which I was always taught to renounce the devil; but should I comply with your desire, and go to mass, I should be sure to meet him there in a variety of shapes."

The priest was highly incensed at this, and told her to recant, or she should suffer cruelly. She, however, boldly answered, "That she valued not any suffering he could inflict, and in spite of all the torments he could invent she would keep her faith inviolate." The priest then ordered slices of her flesh to be cut off from several parts of her body. This she bore with the most singular patience, only saying to the priest, "what horrid and lasting torments you will suffer in hell, for the trifling and temporary pains which I now endure!" Exasperated at this expression the priest ordered a file of musketeers to draw up and fire upon her by which she was soon dispatched.

Judith Mandon was fastened to a stake, and sticks thrown at her from a distance. By this inhuman treatment, her limbs were beat and mangled in a most terrible manner. At last one of the bludgeons striking her head, she was at once freed from her pains and her life.

Paul Genre and David Paglia, each with his son, attempting to escape the to Alps, were pursued, and overtaken by the soldiers in a large plain. Here they hunted them for their diversion, goading them with their swords, and making them run about till they dropped down with fatigue. When they found that their spirits were quite exhausted, the soldiers hacked them to pieces, and left their mangled bodies on the spot.

Michael Grave, a young man of Bobbio, was apprehended in the town of La Torre, and being led to the bridge, was thrown over into the river.

Being an expert swimmer, he swam down the stream, thinking to escape, but the soldiers and mob followed on both sides, and kept stoning him, till receiving a blow on one of his temples, he sunk and was drowned.

David Armand was forced to lay his head down on a block, when a soldier, with a large hammer, beat out his brains. Baridona, was apprehended at Villaro, and carried to La Torre, where refusing to renounce his religion, he was tormented with brimstone matches being tied between his fingers and toes, and set fire to, and afterwards, by having his flesh plucked off with red hot pincers, till he expired. Giovanni Barolina with his wife were thrown into a pool of stagnant water, and compelled, by means of pitch-forks and stones to duck down their heads till they were suffocated with the stench.

A number of soldiers assaulted the house of Joseph Garniero, and before they entered, fired in at the window, and shot Mrs. Garniero, who was at that instant suckling her child. She begged them to spare the life of the infant, which they promised to do, and sent it immediately to a Roman Catholic nurse. They then seized the husband and hanged him up at his own door, and having shot the wife through the head, left her body weltering in its blood.

Isaiah Mondon, an aged and pious Protestant fled from the merciless persecutors to the cleft in a rock, where he suffered the most dreadful hardships; for in the midst of the Winter, he was forced to lie on the bare stone, without any covering; his food was the roots he could scratch up near his miserable habitation; and the only way by which he could procure drink, was to put snow in his mouth till it melted. Here, however, some of the soldiers found him, and after treating him unmercifully, they drove him towards Lucerne, goading him all the way with the points of their swords. Being exceeding weakened by his manner of living, and exhausted by the blows he had received, he fell down in the road, they again beat him to make him proceed; till on his knees he implored them to put him out of his misery. This they at last agreed to do, and one of them shot him through the head saying, "There heretic, take thy request."

To screen themselves from danger, a number of men, women, and children, fled to a large cave where they continued for some weeks in safety, two of the men going by stealth to procure provisions. These were, however, one day watched, by which the cave was discovered, and soon after a troop of Roman Catholics appeared before it.

Many of these were neighbors, and intimate acquaintances, and some even relatives to those in the cave. The Protestants, therefore, came out and implored them by the ties of hospitality and of blood not to murder them. But the bigoted wretches told them they could not show any mercy to heretics, and therefore bade them all prepare to die. Hearing this and knowing the obduracy of their enemies, the Protestants fell upon their knees, lifted their hearts to Heaven, and patiently awaited their fate; which the Papists soon decided by cutting them to pieces.

—There should be an effort made, in all parts of the Union to unite all the Protestant Societies into one, Grand Army for defence. We mention this for the benefit of our Protestant friends in this State.

Father Hyacinthe Baptises his first born.

Little Paul Emanuel Hyacinthe Loyson, was baptized, last Sunday, at the Church of St. Germain, by the hands of his father, in the presence of a great assembly. There was nothing unusual in the order of services, except that after the mass, when he had laid off the embroidered vestments, and stood in the pulpit, in a plain white robe, he said; "Mes freres, at the close of the sermon I shall baptise a little child, in behalf of whom I invite your special prayers." And then after the baptism, when the little child had not only been baptised, but anointed on forehead and breast, and signed with the sign of the cross, and touched with saliva, on ears and nostrils, and had received salt in the mouth, and a white robe, and a lighted candle, the soul of the father overflowed in a prayer that was not in the liturgy, and which sounded like the song of Zacharias, in the gospel of Luke. Then, as the baptismal party moved away to the Sacristy, and the great throng slowly dispersed, we looked back from the church door and saw the priest and father, lingering on his knees upon the steps of the altar, wrapt in prayer.

Women in Sleeping Cars.

EDITORS JOLLY GIANT:—As I promised to write to you before leaving San Francisco, I want to keep my word. The subject that I intend to write upon is the inconvenience of women travelling in a sleeping car, where there are thirty or forty men.

I cannot undress in public, of course, and therefore, I have to rid myself of my outer garments, after I have climbed into my berth and drawn the curtains. Of the difficulty of this operation any woman who has tried it can speak in pathetic terms; but it is easy in comparison with the difficulty of getting into one's clothes in the morning. When this task however, has been accomplished, the unhappy lady passenger, with frowzled hair, tumbled clothing, and a face diversified with coal-dust, has to run the gauntlet of a dozen or two pair of masculine eyes before she can reach the wash room at the end of the car." But the annoyance which I have suffered, from being compelled either to sleep in my clothes, or else to shed my "hoop-skirts in the presence of a car full of horrified men" is not greater than that which comes from the necessity of contemplating a crowd of "half-dressed men, who are engaged, with the charming indifference of their sex, in putting on boots and collars, or in watching with anxiety for a glimpse at some lady similarly occupied," and I protest, with vigor born of righteous maternal indignation, against a system which forces young girls to become thus "familiarized with that unattractive object, a sleepy and unwashed man. Don't you think I am right?"

Yours affectionately,

BETSY.

WHAT WE WANT.—The State of Massachusetts, has amended her Constitution, so as to cripple the Bishop and Jesuits from tampering with dying people's property.

The new Constitution now in force provides, Article 1, Section 12, "that every devise of goods or chattels, to or for the support, use, or benefit, of any minister, public teacher, or preacher of the gospel, as such or any religious sect, order, or denomination, shall be void." Will our Legislature follow suit?

—If there is anything in this world to make a man sick, it is the religious news papers published in this city; such twaddle and nonsense, never appeared in print since Moses was a boy. Let any one who may doubt this, read the *Occident*, the *Methodist*, the *Evangelist*, the *Monitor*, and the organ of Dillon Egan the *Catholic Guardian*. If he don't get sick after this, nothing on this earth will make him sick, except it be a dose of Popery.

The Two Infallible Ones.

See Illustration.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH in the Vatican sat,
Though feeble, he looked just as sleek as a rat;
His illness had left him a shade or two thinner,
But a stomach profound, proclaimed he'd had dinner.
As he rocked to and fro in his nice easy chair,
And rubbed his old knees, now callous with prayer,
He quietly hummed, in a low minor key,
A song, and the burden of it seemed to be,
"The old man keep dying, the young ones drop off,
But still I live on though the heretics scoff,
Infallible, death has no sway over me;
Rum tum te tum tredle, rum tum te tum te."
Then pledging himself in a bumper of wine,
The choicest that's made on the banks of the Rhine,
He quietly dozed by the warm glowing fire,
As midnight rang out from St Peter's gray spire.
Then silently stole through the chamber so still,
A form, whose approach made the sleeper feel chill;
A skeleton form of so ghastly a mien,
That the tapers all flickered, the fire burnt green.
A coffin it bore on its gaunt bony back,
Inscribed with a name writ in letters of black,
POPE PIUS the NINTH was the name: its address
Was, "Care of the Devil, hell's hottest recess."
It paused near the sleeper, no wonder his breath
Grew shorter and thicker, for grim Monarch Death
It was, who was standing so close to his chair
And who chilled with his breath the chamber's warm air.
"Ha! ha!" cried the monarch "poor feeble old man,
Infallible twaddle now preach if you can!
A year from to-day, in the coffin I've here
Your shrivelled old body the maw worms shall bore,
Your soul for presuming to vie with its GOD
Shall scorch like a pea shaken out from its pod,
Through endless eternity's wearisome years,
'Midst fogs of deep anguish and rivers of tears,
In vain seeking rest, for the powers you've shammed
Shall smoulder away 'mid the souls of the damned."
Then Death stole off out, for he'd business on hand,
And long miles to travel by sea and by land.
Pope Pius awoke with a start and a scream,
As one who awakens from some horrid dream,
And pressing his hands to his cold clammy head,
Concluded 'twas time even a Pope was in bed.
But little he dreamt as he blew out his light
How near the grim monarch had been him that night,
And little he knew that a year from that day,
Relentless, those cold arms would bear him away.

W. L. F.

—The Irish "Chaws" are doing their level best to injure the circulation of the JOLLY GIANT. A drunken rough known as Farrell alias "Shin Fain," assaulted our carrier on Kearny street last Saturday evening and took away about twenty copies from him saying, "He (Shin Fain,) was a Roman Catholic and would not tolerate any paper to be published that would praise up the Rev. John Hemphill against the blessed and holy man of God, Father Buchard." Several German saloons have been threatened who subscribe for the JOLLY GIANT; this is "Mick" all over,—say what you please but don't comment upon the priests. After all we think the priests are right in keeping those savages in an ignorant state; it would be better for the world if literature was excluded from Ireland altogether. The Micks must fight somebody to keep their ignorance before the people; it is either the Chinese, the colored people or the Protestants, it don't particularly matter which, so long as they do it for the Church "ye know". Poor fools if they think that they can stop our paper by their ignorance they make a mistake. Our carriers are prepared to meet "Shin Fain" the next time that he attempts to assault and rob them.

It is no use boys, this is America; not Ireland or Rome as in days gone by.

—In justice to Mr. D. K. Tripp, we wish to state that that gentleman had no knowledge whatever of the cheek of the men belonging to the Citizen's Union when they placed his name upon their ticket as one of the Executive Committee.

Mr. Tripp was not in this city at the time. This is another instance of the damn cheek of those knock-me-downs to sail under respectable colors. Who will be astonished at their brass in representing themselves as being the Custodian of the Crescents' votes after this!

We were rather astonished to find such a pure gentleman as Mr. D. K. Tripp getting mixed up with such wire-pullers as Dr. King and J. J. Hayes.

Chief Cockrill's Attention.

We refer the following communication to our worthy chief, WITH OUR ADDRESS OF COURSE.

EDITOR JOLLY GIANT.

Sir:—Permit me to state that I think Police officers Landheimer and Rogers are not doing what is exactly right. I was going up Sacramento street a few nights ago, but when about half way up the block between Waverly Place and Stockton street, my attention was attracted to Landheimer who said to a young man that afterwards discovered to be a reporter upon the *Call*, "Try the next door." The young man did as he was told, but the door was locked; he then tapped upon the window. At this a woman pulled the blind to one side, and seeing the young man, thought he must be a customer, and opened the door for him; he entered—but before the woman had time to close the door, Landheimer pushed it in, and commenced to accuse her of soliciting prostitution. She protested, but it was all no use; she was arrested. At this Landheimer sent the young man out. I watched him and saw him enter a large house below where he had just left. I followed him down and found the number to be 828 and 826. The door plate read, Mrs. Appel; here Officer Rogers came out accompanied by the *Call* Reporter, and was followed as far as the door by no less than ten women, who from their appearance and dress must be prostitutes. They seemed to enjoy the arrest of their less fortunate sister, by laughing at her luck, etc.

Now, sir, I cannot see why Rogers should be in there, if he was on duty; he certainly had material enough in Mrs. Appel's to fill, at least, one cell in the prison.

I came to the conclusion that Landheimer and Rogers were using the *Call* young man as a dummy, and that the whole act looked very much like blackmailing. I sent a similar communication to this, to the dailies in this city but they would not publish it.

Yours, Respectfully,

A BUSINESS MAN ON KEARNY ST.

So far as this communication is concerned, we have heard a good many complaints against those two officers about the class of unfortunate women that they arrest. But we have not had time to pay any particular attention to the cause of complaints. We leave it in the Chief's hands for the present. We know that Chief Cockrill has no part in the affair of blackmailing or persecuting the poor unfortunate women, and allowing the wealthy prostitutes to go unwhipped. We have too much respect for our friend Mr. Cockrill, to impute such a thing to him; but perhaps those two gentlemen named want a little little looking after.

—THE whitewashed Bible pounder, Van De Mark, has been duly re-instated to take charge of the souls of the Universalists in this city. Happy minister this Van De Mark must be, to be sure. The Universalists must not be over and above particular regarding the morals of their leaders, when they chose such a vessel of filth and corruption, to lead them in prayer to the throne of their Maker. Christianity in San Francisco, is getting into a nice business; no wonder that so few of the intelligent people of this city, attend Churches. We give them all the more credit for remaining away from such filthy places.

—James B. Roberts, Supervisor of the Seventh ward, says he will give his boy a good English Education first, and let him look out for German and French afterwards. This is not correct Mr Roberts, because you never had a boy of your own. Why blow so much about what you will do with your boy? wait first until you get one. We hate long winded hypocrites.

—Stebbins has got a new hat, since he drew his last quarter's salary.

Secret Organizations.

The Pope and the whole Catholic Church are terribly opposed to secret societies, and in particular the Masons. This brotherhood being at the head of all other societies in the world, are subject to the vile of all Roman Catholics who believe in the doctrine of Infallibility of Pio Nonothing.

The reason the priests tell their followers, "is the awful and blind oath that men must take before they became Masons."

We will give one of the oaths of the

IRISH RIBBONMEN,

by the way of a variety to show how mild it is.

"I. A. B., most solemnly swear in the name of the Holy Virgin and on the Cross of the Saviour, swear that I hate, curse and abhor the deadly heresy of Protestantism; that I hate, curse and abhor the excommunicated House of Brunswick; that I hate, curse and abhor our landlord oppression and will seek their *ruin* and *death*, that I am now and always will be a true, faithful and devoted subject of our Sovereign Lord, His Holiness the Pope, and I will obey fully, and never reveal to *mortal man* except the priest the laws and requirements of the "Lodge, and I swear—disregarding the pity, or the love, or the fear of man, to carry out whatever duty or duties may be imposed on me by the commands and directions of the Lodge, and may the scorching flames and the black darkness of hell be my eternal portion if ever in thought or word I break this oath.

"I kiss the cross that I swear *truly* so help me mother of God."

The above, is a verbatim copy, taken from an old Irish manual, and given us by an Irishman, who became possessed of it some thirty years ago, in the County Westmeath, Ireland. He says there is a great portion of the works of the old Ribbon-men, in the A. O. H. now in this country. But we scarce believe, that any man in America, would take such an oath as the foregoing; we venture to say that is about as blind an oath as the Masons have to take. What does the Catholic Church say? eh?

—The most amusing clown in the State of California upon the witness stand is Father Stebbins of Unitarian Museum on Geary street; this man disgusted every one that heard him give his testimony in the late Hawes case. But his connection with, and the evidence given by him in the late University investigation, would make the devil blush with shame if he were not a colored gentleman.

If tomfoolery and apelishness be the results of a College education then we say that Stebbins is a success, for in all our travels we never saw a more complete jackass, to be a minister of the Gospel than Bro. Stebbins.

—We have received the first number of "*The Open Letter*," a new weekly issued in Vallejo, and managed by J. A. Harvey, Esq. The appearance of the paper shows that it was gotten out by experienced hands and fertile brains. It is neat, spicy, and well got out. We wish it a long and virtuous life. AMEN.

—Davy Louderback and "Sam" Kent are going to weigh their brains some day next week to see which has the most; we'll bet on "Sam" because fools always have a surplus stock of brains stowed away in the back region of their heads.

—Praise-Service-Stone, is writing up a new play to be presented at his Museum, in about three weeks.

'SHAVE ME LIKE A PRIEST.'

'There was about twenty or thirty gentlemen getting shaved at the time, and they all commenced to roar wid laughing, and says they, he is crazy. 'No I am not crazy, shave me like a priest' says I the second time; at this the barber sat me down, and he brought out a bucket of soap suds, and a big white wash brush, and he lathered me all over me face and head, and when he had me all over soapsuds, he says, where will I commence father? 'at the roots of me hair said I.

'At this he commenced, and he scrapt away at me for one hour; and when he got done, that's the biggest face says he, that ever I shaved afore.'

'How much is it' says I, putting me hand down in me pocket? '$2,50, says he.

'Go to hell,' says I.

'I mean it,' says he. No man would make a priest of you for that.'

'When I seen where the joke came in, I paid him the two and a half, and went down to the tailor and told him to make me a suit of black clothes "clerical."

'Yes, Father,' says he.

'That is good,' says I to myself, 'he takes m for a priest already.'

'How much will the suit come to?' says I.

'Oh, well, Father,' says he, 'we can't be hard on your kind; and besides you might say a mass for me some mornin' when ye would have time.

'Well, don't mind the mass' says I, 'What will the clothes come to?'

'$75' says he.

'That is all right,' says I.

Just after the suit was made an the first I ever put them on me back was the day of Father Cotter's funeral in Sacramento, an I went to the funeral as also all the clergy in this city, Bishop Alemany too. After we got on board the boat, I went up to the office for me ticket and I asked the clerk for a cabin.

'I can't give it to you,' says he.

'That is too bad,' says I.

'But' said he, 'I will do the same with you as I have done with the rest.'

'What is that?' says I.

'I will give you your ticket for half fare, says he.

'Oh, well! that will do,' says I.

'I would like to give you a cabin, Father,' says he 'if I could.'

'I'll get along pretty well,' says I. 'Thank you.'

So, by and by, when we got above Benicia, I went down to the saloon; a man named McCabe kept it at that time. 'Let me have a little whiskey' says I.

'Yes, Father,' says he.

'Good,' says I to myself.

'I throw out a half dollar to pay for the drink, and he pushed it back and says, 'oh, no, Father, we can afford you all the whiskey you want for nothing.'

'All right,' says I to myself.

About 12 o'clock at midnight I went down again for another drink.

And McCabe touched me on the arm, and says he, 'Father Gallagher, do please don't drink any more to-night. You see that's fifteen drinks you've had already, and by and by, when we go ashore the Bishop might notice you, and I wouldn't like it; so take me advice.'

'Why, I swear,' says I, this is only the second drink I had to-night.'

'Oh, now Father' says he, 'dont talk that way. You know you drank more than half a bottle of whiskey in there,'—pointing to a small room behind the bar.

'I wasn't in there,' says I.

'Aren't you Father Gallagher?' says he.

'No, I am not' says I.

'I beg your Reverence's pardon,' says he. You look very like him, what will you have?'

'I will have a little whiskey' says I.

I offered to pay him but he refused again; so I put the money in my pocket, and I says, 'ah, ha there are two Father Gallaghers, eh?' I see that the real Father Gallagher has been going it in the little room, eh? A half bottle of whiskey, is a pretty good dose for a priest.—

'But' says Jemmy, branching off in a new strain,

'The great fun was one day that I went to a funeral, an after we buried the corpse, we all went away round by the Cliff House for a ride, and when we put up at the Homestead on our way home, we went in to have a drink.

I treated all hands, and when I went to pay the bar keeper refused to take the money, saying 'the proprietor never took any money from Father Gallagher as long as he kept the bar. It made no difference how often he called, he always had his whiskey free.'

'All right' says I, so I put the money in my pocket.

In a few days after, FATHER GALLAGHER visited the Homestead, and the bar keeper asked him how he got home that evening, meaning the evening that I was there, said Jemmy.

'I was not out here,' said Father Gallagher.

'Oh yes you were' says the bar keeper, 'don't you mind when you treated all hands at the bar'?

'I didn't' says Father Gallagher.

'Yes you did' says the bar keeper.

'No I didn't says Gallagher; 'It must be that dirty blackguard Jemmy McGinn' says he, that did that, he is in the habit of going round the saloons and getting whisky on my account.' That is all I heard about the affair, until one day, when I had a funeral at Redwood, and I was sending a coffin away, and I was in a hurry out here on the side walk, when a man struck me on the back without me seeing him, I turned round, and sure enough, there was Father Gallagher.

'You're a *drunkard*, a *liar*, and a *swearer*,' says he.'

I turned round and says I, 'Father Gallagher, the man that says I, in a "drunkard" or a "liar" is a liar himself.' I am a swearer,—bekase, said Jemmy, I was just cursen like h—ll when he came up.—

'Your a blackguard says he" and you get whisky in my name.'

'I do not' says I 'but the saloon keepers give me whisky, because you patronize them,"

"Take off them clothes," roared he,

'No I wont,' says I,

'I will publish you from the altar,' says he,

'You can if you want to' says I,' it will advertise me all the more,'

'I will have you arrested' says he,

'What for' says I,

'For personating me, a priest' says he,

'I don't do any thing of the kind' says I 'your a liar' says he, 'TAKE OFF THEM CLOTHES, SIRRA!'

'I paid for them, says I.'

'Who made a priest of you?' said he.

'The barber and the tailor' says I 'and the divil a cow or pig ever was sold to give me Latin, either.'

'I'll curse you' says he.

'So much the better' says I 'so' says Jemmy, 'he blew about the store here, and thought to scare me, but it was no use. If he had me in Ireland he would horsewhip me, but he daren't do it here.

'Then' said our 'Man about Town' 'you are not on friendly terms with the priests?'

'No' answered Jemmy, 'I don't speak to any of them. You see, I belong to too many secret societies for them, and they can't grind me down. They can't make a Doctor Rice of me.'

'Why?' asked our man, 'is Rice afraid of the priests?'

'No' said Jemmy, 'he ain't afraid of them, but he plays them for their influence. He moved the morgue over to Flannagan and Gallagher's to please Father Gallagher.'

'But' said our man, 'you are very rich, and that makes you independent.'

'No' answered Jemmy, 'I am not very rich; I bury more people for charity, than all the undertakers in this city; and I don't care what their religion is either. I am an Irishman, but I don't believe in such priests as Gallagher.'

After getting all this wit and humor out of Jemmy, our 'Man about Town' made some inquiries about his philanthropy, and found that it was not overdrawn by Jemmy himself. Jemmy McGinn, is an odd, comical character in his own way; but however we may disagree with him, we must say that he is charitable and whole souled, and does honestly and fairly with his fellow-men; and that is all we want of a man to gain our respect; and we must say, that Jemmy McGinn deserves this, and has it.

We have known him to bury Captain William Forry, an old Mexican veteran, who died in this city without friends or money; and several undertakers refused to bury him, until Jemmy McGinn, at the request of Dave Scannell, came to the rescue, and gave the worthy soldier a very respectable funeral, that cost Jemmy over $150 and never got one cent for it from that day to this.

An act like this is deserving of gratitude and respect, and hence, Jemmy McGinn has the respect of the JOLLY GIANT, let who will growl.

"A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT."

What the California Press says about Thistleton's New and Popular Edition of "A Trip Across the Continent."

The *Alta* says, "Thistleton's illustrated new 'Trip Across the Continent' is intended to amuse and instruct. Any number of persons can play at the game. It will learn juveniles more geography in one night than three month's book study.

The *Morning Call* says, this (Thistleton's new "Trip Across the Continent") is elegant, instructive and an entertaining parlor amusement. It s a splendid gift for the Holiday s, and is very suitable for ladies as well as gentlemen. There are fifty beautiful chromo scenes, and all for two dollars.

The *Chronicle* says, "No family should be without Thistleton's new and improved 'Trip Across the Continent' during the coming Holidays. It is without doubt one of the finest and most interesting parlor games ever issued. It only costs two dollars, but it is worth ten dollars for instructions, etc."

The *Examiner* devotes nearly half a column in laudation of Thistleton's new "Trip Across the Continent." Amongst other things, it says, "Col. Thistleton's new and improved 'Trip Across the Continent' is valuable, amusing and instructive, in pointing out the geography of our country. No family that desires amusement should be without it. It costs only two dollars—too cheap at three times the price."

The *Appeal* says: "Thistleton's new parlor game of a 'Trip Across the Continent' gives the States and Territories across the continent along the great road, and, aside from the pleasure afforded, it is instructive to those possessing it, No family should be without it. It costs only two dollars. How it can be sold at this price remains a mystery to all except Col. Thistleton."

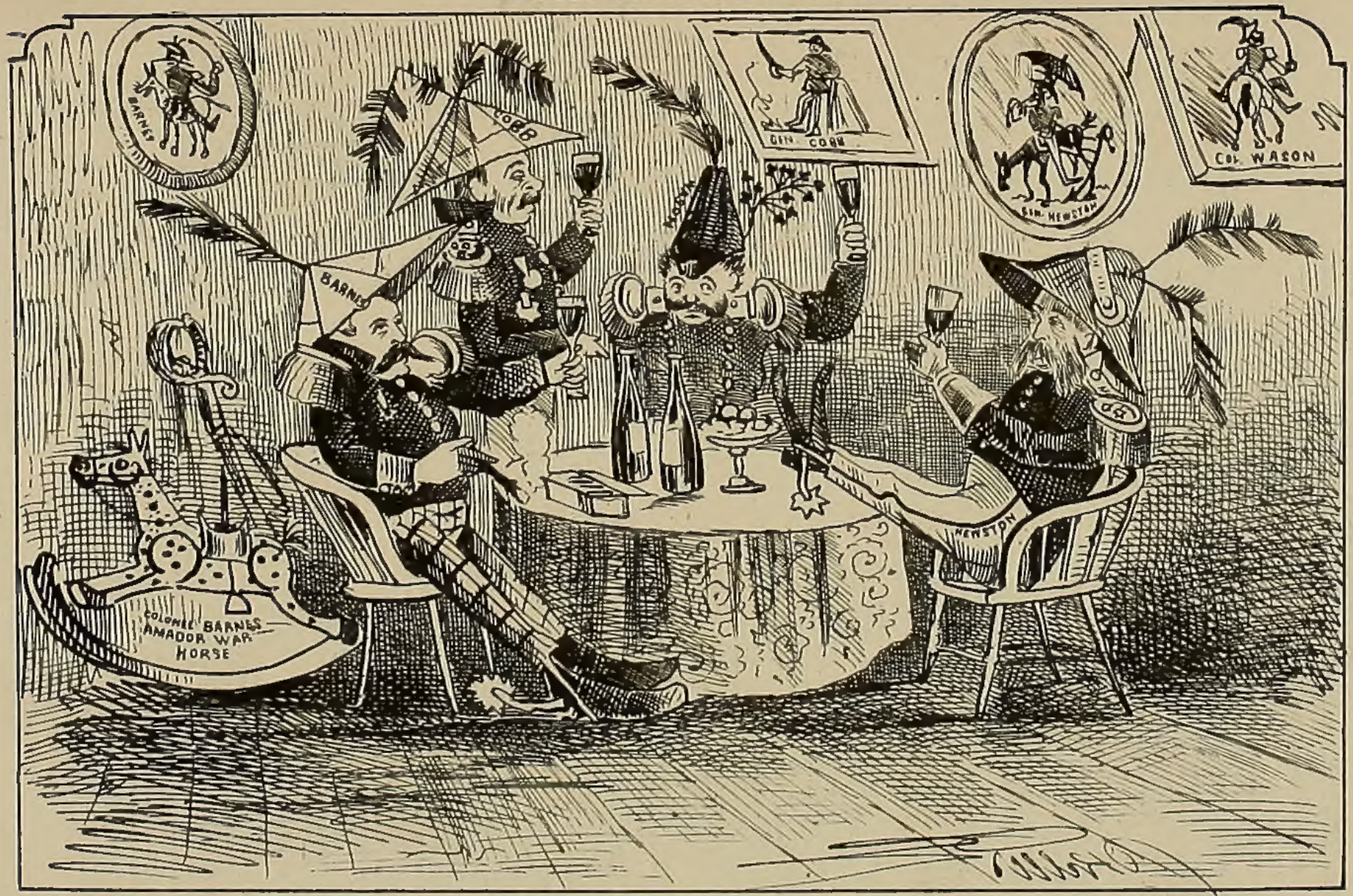
The new parlor game of "A Trip Across the Continent. New and improved edition just out.

Have you seen the greatest wonder of both land and sea—
That new and beautiful parlor game I had sent to me?
It is a trip across the continent, over mountains high and plain.
A new instructive amusement, and a California game.
It has entertained my family to their heart's content.
With its fifty beautiful chromo scenes, across the continent.
I commend it for a present, as an instructive parlor game,
An elegant Christmas gift, well worthy of its fame.

The author has got out a new and improved edition done in crayon, with new illustrations. This parlor game is now the handsomest and cheapest game over published. Price $2. A liberal discount to the trade. Sample sent by mail on receipt of price.

GEORGE THISTLETON,
Author and Publisher.
No. 9 Post street, San Francisco.

THISTLETON'S JOLLY GIANT



HOW THE FOUR MILITARY COMMANDERS CELEBRATED WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The 17th of Ireland Show.

The Right Honorable James Otis together with the twelve Supervisors have consented at the request of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to stand in front of the City Hall and view the "Mickish Show" as it passes.

It must be very consoling to "Bull Frog Otis" to stand outside on the sidewalk accompanied by the twelve wise men of this city for one hour, to smile upon the "chaws" as they pass by carrying their Irish flags, their crosses and mawhawkish insignas.

Oh, what a rotten, hypocritical generation this is! No wonder that the Rev. Mr. Noble asks are we going to have God in this city, when men like the present Board of Supervisors, with one exception, that of Kenny, are terribly opposed to the 17th of Ireland procession, and yet because of the rottenness of their hearts they consent to stand outside and bow to men that they otherwise hate.

How manly it would have been for the present Board of Supervisors to respectfully decline to interview the religious show to be enacted upon our streets upon the 17th of Ireland.

Where was those gentlemen's patriotism on the 22nd of last month, when there was not a semblance of respect paid to the memory of George Washington. Well may Mr. Noble ask "where is God" when we have such rotten hearted creatures in our midst.

As much as Bishop Alemany is interested in the Catholic Church, we must give him credit for his discountenancing this show which Mayor Otis and the ten supervisors bow before: Alemany has never attended any of the "chaw shows" yet, and for this we give him credit.

But we have but very little respect for the American Protestant that lends his presence to give an American appearance to the green hue of the "chaws." We will stake our reputation that Chief Cockrill does not take part in the show.

We have not been advised whether "truthful Sam" of the Street Department will look at the crowd with his mouth open or not, he is not invited as yet, but as he has a good sprinkling of the "chaws" in his office working for him, it will hardly be necessary for him to go outside to view the show, he can see enough behind his desks every day, of that crowd.

—The scurrilous, dirty little Roman Catholic and Jesuitical evening rag known as the *Post*, says that the JOLLY GIANT is a "vile anti-Catholic paper." We expect no better language from the mouthpiece of Pope Pius IX, than this. Every thing that is anti-Catholic is vile and filthy in the eyes of the Romish Church and its tributaries. If the *Post* and the Catholic Church had the power it is but a short time we would be permitted to publish—or even to live in this country; but the Infallible monster and his dupes are like so many snakes that the fang was cut out of. They can crawl and leave their slime behind them but their stings are harmless. We have given the Local Editor of the evening rag a gratuitous picture before this by reason of his connection with his namesake Father Pat Murphy in Flaherty's saloon. Hence the Jesuitical sting comes from him on this occasion, no doubt. Henry George, the Editor, we consider a gentleman.

The Rev. Mr. Noble does not need to worry himself about God coming to dwell in this land. He is here. He is in the hearts of the working people. He is amongst them; but his presence cannot be found in the churches. Hence the Rev. Mr. Noble misses his presence and influence amongst his congregation and every preacher in this city can well join in the chorus. God did not, nor never will dwell in the same house with thieves, liars, hypocrites and swindlers.

Clean them out, Mr. Noble, and then you will find the presence of God in your church.

You can get "Across the Continent," at all book, toy and music stores.

Shall California own God?

WHAT WILL BEFALL HER IF SHE DOES NOT?

Rev. T. K. Noble delivered a sermon in the Taylor street Congregational Church last sunday evening on "The Future of California." He dilated in the rapturous phrase of every traveler, from Sir Francis Drake to Richardson, who has visited our State upon its most advantageous location, commanding the highway of a world's commerce; its ample area, its genial climate, its mineral wealth, its fruitful soil, amazing productions and wonderful scenes of natural beauty and curiosity, and said they fully warranted the people in being what they were often termed—a people of great expectations. He then did some elaborate figuring with the factors of national greatness, for the purpose of determining the question whether California will ever realize the highest and best possible civilization, which her great advantages warrant her people in anticipating. The answer he announced as follows: "It depends upon California's attitude towards Christianity. Is she going to ignore it or accept it? Is she going to desecrate the Lord's Day and neglect its sanctuary? Let California reject the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and with our mixed population, not only will she fail to realize this highest civilization, but the day will come when we shall see repeated here on our own streets the awful scenes of Paris in the times of the revolution. But if the day shall come, as I believe it will, when our men shall awake from their materialism and recognize the mighty power of the Gospel, when they shall feel that they have spiritual interest, then I believe we shall see here, at the terminus of the long westward march of civilization, a grander, higher and nobler civilization than the world has ever known."

We give this much of the reverend gentleman's lecture because we rather liked him. But we fear we must dissent from him, when he talks about going to church to follow the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It may be that the Rev. Mr. Noble's Church is an exception to Stone's, Stebbins', Calvary, or the high toned Reformed Roman Churches in this city. If so, we would like very much to see the people go there and follow the New Gospel. But so far as the churches, that we have enumerated above, are concerned, Mr. Noble ought to know very well that the *people* have no inducements held out to them to go to those places to worship. They are not houses of worship or prayer at all, they are expositions gotten up by the "Bull Frogs," and for the amusement of the "Bull Frogs." If the Rev. Mr. Noble or any other Gospel Minister in this city can point out one single honest, truthful, charitable man that attends those churches, we will give him a copy of the JOLLY GIANT for six months free.

Now let us suppose that Jesus Christ was to visit San Francisco as he has visited this earth before, and in conversation with Tom Selby—for, mind Tom has cheek enough to go and see Christ if he came to this city, and Christ told Tom to sell what he had and give to the poor. Does any man mean to tell us that Tom would do it? Not much, except Christ promised to give him a big advertisement in the daily press; or suppose Christ was to tell "Sam" of street fame to be truthful with his fellow man, does any man mean to tell us that it would have any effect? "Trash!" If the Rev. Mr. Noble wants to have God in San Francisco, let him, together with the other preachers, start in right and open the churches to the poor, and banish those white livered thieves, who now infest the churches, out of them. Then Christ may possibly come, but as it is, God cannot dwell in the same house with Baal.

Why does Stone of Praise Service notions fool the people with his nonsense? Why not let the people worship God in their own simple honest way? Praise Service—a new play he means, where the Chinese take the place of poor stupid Biddy around the Bible pounder's cold turkey.

The Lambs disturbed.

Brother W. N. VanDeMark, of sainted and holy memory, is about being disturbed in the peace and harmony of his soul saving avocation. It would do the devil good, to hear brother VanDeMark lead the congregation to prayer. Van places particular emphasis, upon the duty of his followers, to lead a good and holy life. Chastity, he implores them to follow, ever reminding them of the terrible destruction of Sodom, and Gomorrah for their unmentionable sins, in the eyes of Lord God of Abraham. VanDeMark is a jewel, in the eyes of his congregation; he has a love for the youth of his congregation. he has adopted one little stray waif, named Ascott, whom he dearly loves and protects. VanDeMark holds out at Pacific Hall; he is doing good, may the Lord reward him—Just here comes another soul-saver, who wishes to cut Van's wind pipe, and carry away a bag full of gold dollars, from San Francisco. This Saint's name is Miner; he holds out at the Mercantile Library Hall. His mission is to knock the sails off Van's masts; not that either of them care a damn about the souls of the Universalists. It is the money, the salary, that those two dicples are after. Van has a good thing if it; Miner has not; he wants Van's place. The devil is rejoiced at the fun, and who would not be. The more we see of those preachers, the more contemptously do we look at them. Those two fellows will be asking "Shall we have God in San Francisco" or "Shall we have the devil?" We don't want the latter gentleman, we have a few thousand of them to offer for sale, and we would have less, if VanDeMark and his opponent would go East.

Building the New City-Hall.

The JOLLY GIANT's artist has visited the New City Hall, and presents to the readers of our valuable paper, his opinion of the rapid and snail-like progress of the building whilst at the same time, the tax payers are being bled to death. The Comissioners may be seen in their private office dividing and counting the money. We do not say that they keep any portion of it, we know they are too honest to do any thing of the kind.

It is all honest men that are generally appointed Commissioners to look after the stray cash of the City. Governor Hudly Humpy Haight, was that kind of a man, when he was Governor of California. He never appointed any but Democratic chaws, to any position whatever, and the sign of his dirty actions have followed him yet, and will until the end of time: "He is a church goer of course?"

Our artist says that the City Hall, will be finished sometime before the final day of judgment.—provided the tax-payers keep the mill running, and pays the Commissioner their salary.

Nothing better this cold weather than a good stiff whiskey punch, (hot;) that is what a man said to us the other evening after we treated him at Duncan S. Tyson's "The Banks o' Clyde" 587 Market street; it is useless to say that Mr. Tyson keeps the best liquors of any man in this city; one trial will be sufficient to prove this.

—Dr. Hugh Carpenter, has not decided yet whether he shall join Van *the* Mark, Jewell and Co. with the she reformers or not. He says "to prevent a man of his beer would be murder most foul, a little wine makes the heart glad" We agree with him, but can wine make Van the Mark's heart glad when the fellow has no heart? His is a gizzard.

—Praise-Service-Stone, is urging the she reformers to sing his new play in the bar-rooms; it takes well in the churches, and he says it ought to take well in the whisky shops.

The Masonic Board of Relief, will give a grand picnic at Sancelito, on May day.

The Jolly Giant takes a "Trip Across the Continent" to New York, in company with Leland Stanford, who describes the different Towns and Scenery along the Route.

(*Continued.*)

J. G. The mines of California and Nevada were the making of the country.

Gov. Yes, at first, of course they brought the people here, but then the mines cannot support every person that comes to the Pacific Coast; so they must go into the agricultural business.

J. G. That as a matter of course follows; I have often thought that this was the reason why Australia did not keep pace with California, because when the mines gave out in that country the climate and soil did not offer any inducement to the people to go into farming.

Gov. Have you been to Australia?

J. G. Oh yes, I have spent years down there.

Gov. I would like to visit Melbourne.

J. G. I will tell you some anecdotes about the Australians by and by.

Gov. All right, I will pay the same attention to your description of Australia as you have to mine of California.

J. G. I wish no more, I assure you.

Gov. We are now going on to *Laramie*, *Montello*, *Tecoma* at an altitude of 4,812 feet above the sea level; from this point we obtain a good view of the conspicuous landmark *Pilot Peak* which terminates the broken range of Pilot Mountains, and rises about 2,500 feet above the surrounding plains.

Lucin—The water tanks here are supplied from springs that take their rise in the swamps of one thousand spring valleys.

Kelton—We now ascend the road and arrive at *Terrace*, 4,619 feet above the sea level, and arrive at *Malin*, situated on the outlying spurs of the Red Dome Mountains whose barred outlines gives a certain picturesque aspect to the otherwise dreary desert.

Kelton or Indian Creek Station; stages start from here to Idaho and Oregon.

Monument Point—This is a grapey promontory stretching far out into the waters of the Dead Sea of the West.

Lake—is elevated 4,226 feet. We are now on the great American desert which Geologists suppose to have been the bed of an inland sea.

It is difficult to describe the desolation of its aspect, the barrenness of its soil. It is so thickly incrusted with alkaline dust, that at a distance you might suppose it to be a snow covered plain; but snow, it has justly been remarked, is far less intolerable than the alkaline. Where the latter abounds, nothing useful to man or beast, can live. It burns shoe leather like lime; the infinitesimal particles, floating thickly in air, irritate the throat and lungs, as keenly as the steel dust, which cuts short the lives of the Sheffield needle grinders.

Promontory Point 4,905 feet above the sea, is noted as being the place where the junction of the Central Pacific, and Union Pacific was effected, thus completing an iron road of 1,774 miles, and connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean.

We cross the famous trestle bridge, 300 feet long, and 30 feet high, winding around several projections, and mountain spurs, crossing Blue Creek, and arrive at *Blue Creek Station*, which is of very little importance.

Corinne, U. T.—The only exclusively Gentile town in the Territory of Utah; is situated on the west bank of Bear River, at the crossing of the C. P. R. R., and in the midst of the most extensive agricultural district in the Territory, and about ten miles from the mouth of Bear River, is 80 miles north of Salt Lake City, and the shipping point for the Montana and much of the Idaho freight and travel. The town was surveyed in March, A. D. 1869, and on the 25th of the same month the first lots were sold by Gen. Jas. A. Williamson, Land Agent for the U. P. Railroad. The city has been recently incorporated, and contains a population of about 1,600 inhabitants, and owes its prosperity to its unsurpassed commercial position, being the starting point of the stage-routes, leading from the Pacific Railroad, to all the prosperous mining and agricultural districts of Montana and Eastern Idaho, and on the only navigable stream between the Missouri and Sacramento rivers. Corinne is destined to become one of the largest towns on the Pacific Railroad.

J. G. This country is the strangest in its formation, of any country on the globe.

Gov. Yes, it is a puzzle to the scientific world. Several eminent men have visited it, and none have been able to fix the cause of so many varieties, so far inland.

J. G. We must be approaching Ogden.

Gov. Yes, we are now about eight miles from that place—that is, Ogden is only about eight miles from *Bonneville*, and as we are now at that place, why we have only the eight miles to travel to Ogden.

J. G. Yes, but you put the distance down something like an Irishman.

Gov. How is that?

J. G. The Irishmen always commence at the wrong end, and finish at the commencement, by adding, that the distance is so many miles, and "while."

Gov. What is the "while" for?

J. G. That means that it is less than one mile and "while" requires a little while to travel the broken distance.

Gov. I am as well enlightened now as before.

J. G. That is just how I was with your description of the distance to Ogden.

Gov. You've got me I see, *ha! ha!*

J. G. Well, I will not persecute you.

Gov. All right; this is *Bonneville* now: it is (1,041 m.) elevation 4,251 feet. The chief feature of interest here is the Hot Springs, whose clouds of vapor rise far away at the foot of the mountains, reminding one of the "cloud" which protected the Israelites by day, on their march through the weary wilderness. They are mineral springs of a high temperature, and decided-"inalodorous."

Hence, we traverse a comparatively narrow belt of fertile land, with the Salt Lake, shining and shimmering, on our right, and on our left, the bold mountains rising darkly, with their gaunt sides furrowed by the ancient sea-marks, left by the waters as they sank gradually to their present level.

Gov. Now we are at Ogden, the terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad, elevation 4,340 feet above sea level, 882 miles from San Francisco, and 1,032 miles distant from Omaha. It is situated at the mouth of Ogden Canyon, one of the valleys that intersect the Wahsatch range and between the Ogden and Weber rivers; it is the town of Weber County, and as the terminus of both the Central and Union Pacific Railroads, as well as the Utah Central, is a place of growing trade. The population, chiefly Mormons is about 6,500; the scenery immediately about is not very striking, but still there is enough to amuse the traveller for a day or two, if his pedestrian powers are tolerable, and he does not fear to climb the abrupt hills, and descend into the deep verdurous valleys. Ogden canyon is fully five miles in length, and from its mouth to its course from plain to mountain top it presents a succession of those naturally artistic pictures, beautiful in outline grouping and color, which are the delight of the sketcher. About six miles from the town and high up among the mountain solitudes, lies an exquisite Arcadian Glen or "bowery hollow" called the Basin, watered by sparkling mountain streams or creeks, and rich in a soft carpet of luxuriant herbage.

Gov. Now you will accompany me to Salt Lake City, and I will show you something worth writing to your JOLLY GIANT.

J. G. I will do so with much pleasure.

(*The description of Salt Lake will appear in our next.*)

ERRATUM. In No. 20 the words *Olego* and *Pequah*, should have been *Otago* and *Pequop*.

How Exception Crittenden passed his Examination to the Bar.

The "examination" commenced with:

"Do you smoke?"

"I do, sir."

"Have, you a spare cigar?"

"I have sir." (Extends a short six.)

"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"Collect fees, sir."

"Right. What is the second."

"To increase the number of clients."

"When does the position towards clients change?"

"When making out a bill of costs."

"Explain."

"We then occupy the antagonistic position. I become the plaintiff, and he becomes the defendant.

"Suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer on the other side?"

"Cheek by jowl."

"Enough, sir. You promise to be an honor to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"Perfectly."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to take a drink."

"But, suppose I decline?

Crittenden scratches his head. "There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I cannot answer the question."

"You are right. And the confidence with which you make the assertion, shows conclusively that you read the law attentively. Let's take a drink, and I will sign your certificate at once."

Senator Pendegast.

If common sense, good judgment, a clear head and an honest heart be the qualities of a Senator, then Mr Pendegast is without doubt the best State Senator ever seen in California.

The manner in which he responded to Senator Laine's libel Bill was enough to make the old fogy Senator from Santa Clara go home and put his head in the rear of some horse stall where he could conveniently be smothered without shocking the sensibilities of his friends. Pendegast you deserve the thanks of the entire Press of California. Allow us to offer you ours, with this number. We feel proud of you as a man and a Senator.

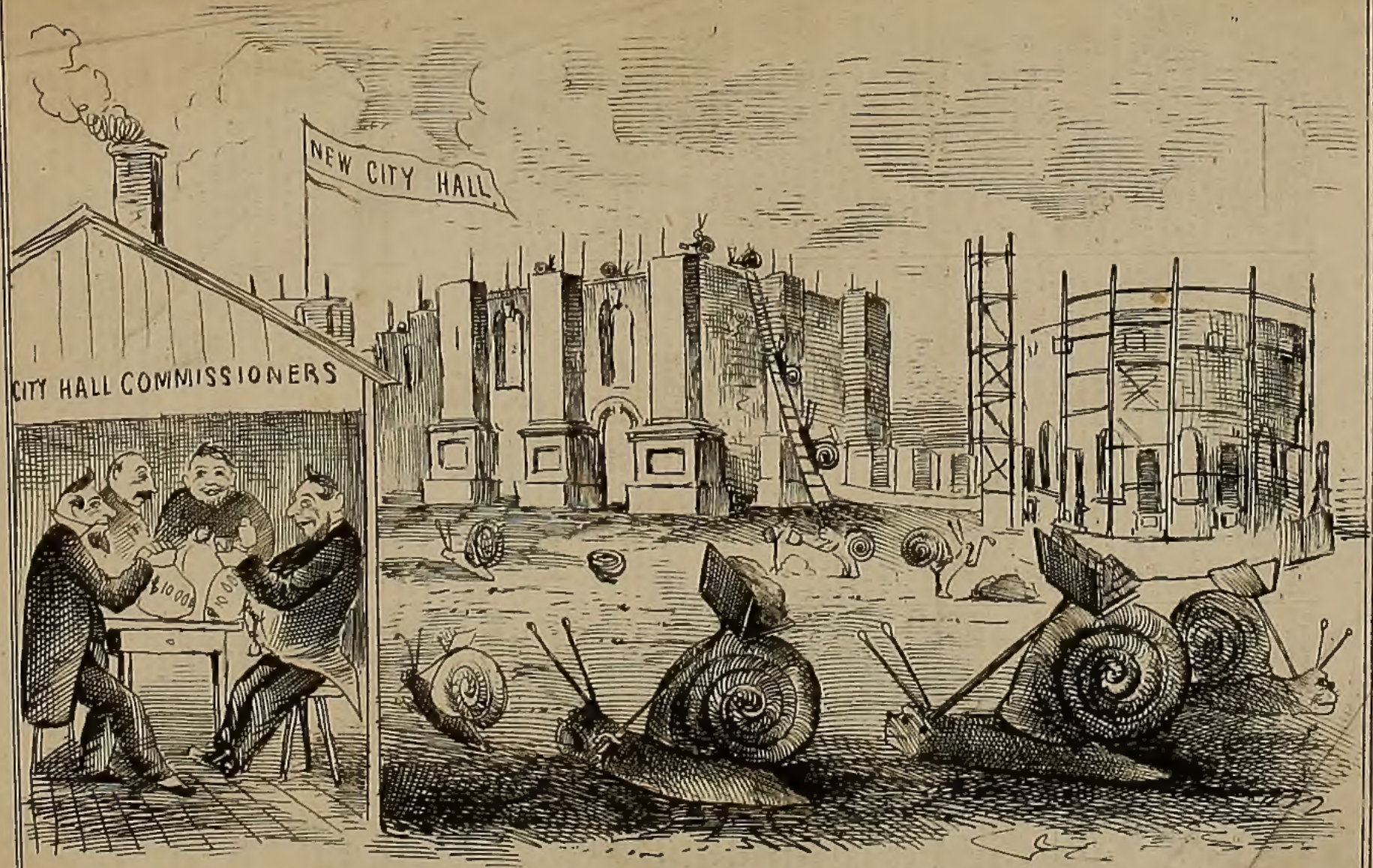
—Father Gallagher is going to sing the Boyne water's of the 17th of Ireland. It can't be possible that he 'll do it.

—We understand that Captain McDonald's Cadets, are going to turn out on the 17th of Ireland, we don't find fault with the Captain, because the greater portion of the Captains company are micks, and besides when the Captain returned from his flying trip to the Eastern States, Col. Wason's Irish regiment, was the only regiment in this city, to turn out to receive him. Captain McDonald himself is a Scotch-man and one that has very little sympathy with the 17th of Ireland boys or the Irish priests.

PATTEN, the nice young man that keeps the news stand on the corner of Market and Montgomery streets says that he sells all kinds of stationery and pocket cutlery cheaper and of better quality than and other store in the city; at the same time he can furnish his patrons with the JOLLY GIANT and all the Eastern papers. He will serve them with any paper they want, when desired.

—We would advise the Grocery men to have a hose in readiness to wash the paint off the sho reformers when they come around to psalm sing.

—The "Slathers" are busy making saintly mottoes for the 17th of Ireland show, they are all to be blessed by the Bishop before being used.



HOW THE NEW CITY HALL COMMISSIONERS PUSH ON THE WORK OF BUILDING. "RAPID TAXATION AND SNAIL LIKE PROGRESS". (SEE PAGE 5)